

July, 1933

The Liguorian



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One Alone

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AMONG OURSELVES

The Catholic Press Association of America held its annual Convention in Chicago, June 22-24. The attention of the delegates was centered largely upon the need of "tuning up" Catholic publications; i.e. of making them worthy competitors of the secular journals that make so strong an appeal to the reading public. It was even remarked by some that many of the present Catholic periodicals only "clutter up" the market and should be retired in favor of a few good Catholic publications.



There is room for dispute in questions of this kind. It remains true, however, that Catholic publications must more and more take account of their readers, and give them reading matter that is not only safe because it is Catholic but also readable because it is good.



THE LIGUORIAN wants to do this, or else take the hint and withdraw from the field. Its readers will find in it, we believe, a constantly increasing standard of readability and interest during the coming months. Stories are being arranged for, articles prepared, and departments developed that will bid as strongly as any publication for the interest of readers.



Unless we succeed in holding that interest, as a publication we shall be willing to die.



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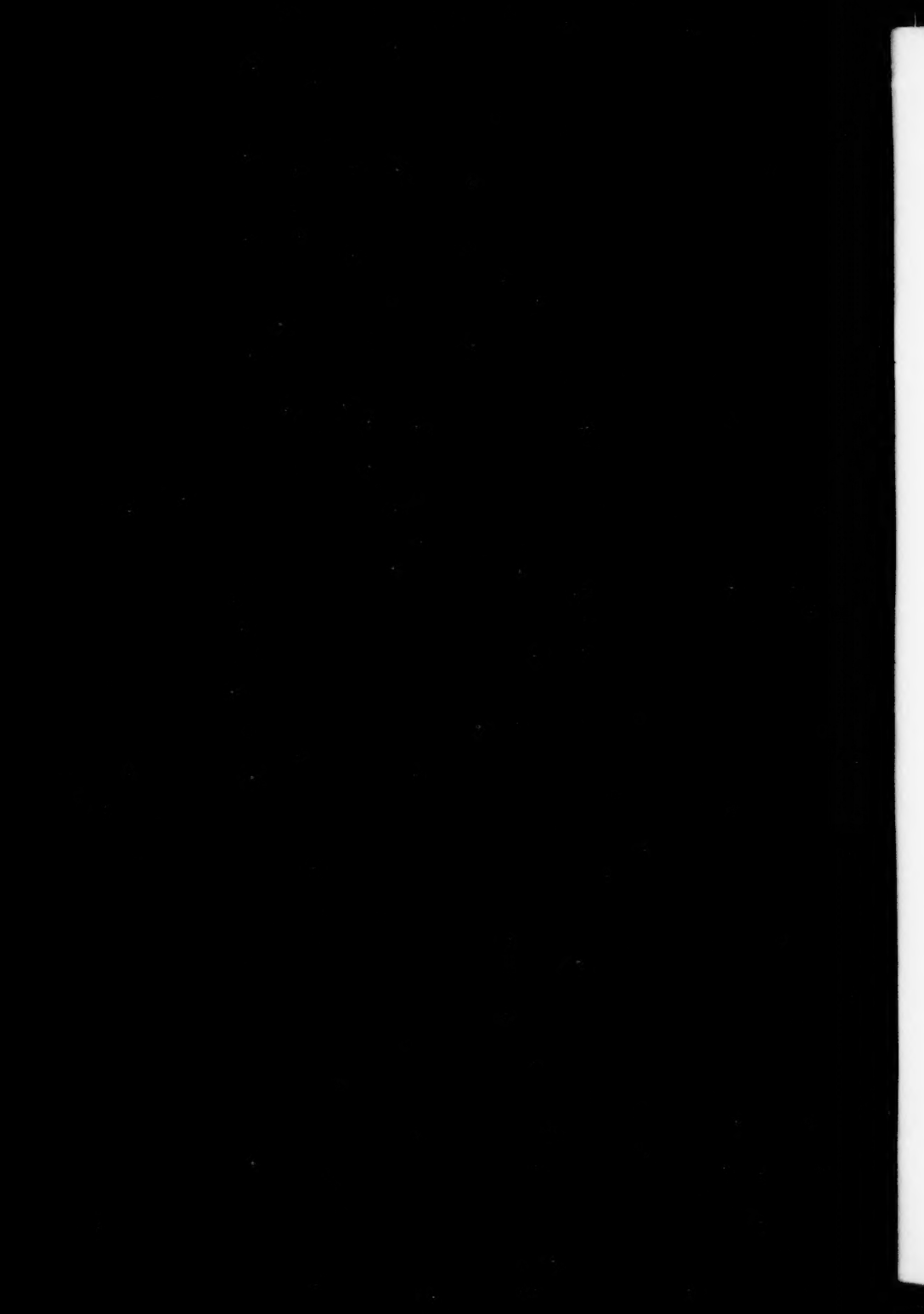
The Liguorian

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According to the Spirit of St.
of Catholic Belief and Practice

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JULY, 1933

No. 7

JUST WE TWO

Oh yes! it is good to be here, Lord,
When the long dark shadows fall,
And the gentle Presence lingers
In the peace that is over all.
Just we two—
And the moonbeams
—shining through.

Perchance there is nothing to say, Lord,
Thou knowest it all ere now;
The bitterness and the sorrow,
In the maze of the when, and how.
Just we two—
And the moonbeams
—shining through.

Only a child of Thine, Lord,
Who has wandered far away;
Turning again to be with Thee;
Hoping, at length, to stay.
Just we two—
And the moonbeams
—shining through.

Silently watching with Thee, Lord,
Close to the Throne of Grace,
Till the night brings the promise of morning,
To dwell with Thee face to face.
Just we two—
And the moonbeams
—shining through.

And still I have something to say, Lord,
Because Thou art kind and true;
I fain would whisper: I love Thee,
As Thy little children do!
Just we two—
And the moonbeams
—shining through.

—Brother Reginald C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

THE HOLY YEAR

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

Two-hundred-thousand eager faces turned towards the balcony over the main entrance of St. Peter's. Twice two-hundred-thousand eyes strained to pierce the semi-darkness beyond the arch for a glimpse of a white-robed figure on a portable throne.

It was Easter Day, the year of Our Lord nineteen-hundred thirty-three. The Successor of Peter the Fisherman, the Servant of the Servants of God, was to come out on that balcony to bless "the City and the World" just as another white-robed figure had blessed them on another Easter Day seventy years before—seven hundred years before.—Centuries fall lightly from our lips; we are in Rome the Eternal.

"Father Tim," said Lawrence Dwyer (Our two Americans were there—two tiny grains on that mighty human strand), "Father Tim, the whole of Germany must be in Rome today."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because the Piazza San Pietro is full of Germans. I have not heard any other language spoken for the last ten minutes."

"When the Pope invited his children to come and pray with him during this Holy Year, every German Catholic longed to respond. The pilgrim trail from the Catholic lands of Germany to the City of the Popes is a well worn trail—trodden constantly by brave, loyal feet from the day the first papal missionaries carried the glad tidings of the Gospel to the tribes beyond the Alps."

"It seems that many who had neither work nor food at home, have somehow managed to come and sing their grand old hymns in the basilicas of Rome.—What I do not see is why they should be so wrought up over this Holy Year.—Oh yes, I know. The Pope grants very special indulgences, and it is a time of extraordinary grace, and great spiritual treasures may be acquired by coming to visit the sacred shrines, and all that. What I mean is Holy Years are regular events. We had one in 1925. We shall have another before—before—before you've lost the rest of your hair, Father Tim, in 1950. So a Holy Year celebration is not so extraordinary—not like something that never happened before."

"The present celebration is different from anything that ever happened before."

"You mean the manner in which the celebration is carried on?"

"No, I mean the celebration itself—the celebration of the centenary of the Redemption."

"But, Father Tim, this is not the first centenary of the Redemption, it is the nineteenth. Therefore it has happened eighteen times before."

"The centenary occurred before, yes. But this is the first time it is celebrated."

"The first time it is celebrated. That's a fact. I had never adverted to it. Strange isn't it? What do you suppose is the reason?"

"I heard the Pope himself answer that question during his sermon to the Lenten preachers this year. This is the first time the centenary is celebrated because this is the first time it occurred since people took to the habit of celebrating centenaries. A hundred years ago and all time previous to that they were not given to such things."

"Like Columbus' egg—perfectly simple, once you have been shown. But I say, Father Tim."

"What has struck you now, Larry?"

"Did you notice what language the people around us are speaking?"

"French."

"What became of the Germans?"

"We got away from them. Remember we have been edging our way through this packed mass of humanity. I wanted to bring you near the obelisk. This is the obelisk that was saved from crashing because a sailor cried, 'Wet the ropes.' It is surmounted by a bronze cross. Look at that cross and say an Our Father and a Hail Mary, and you will gain an indulgence of ten years for some poor soul in purgatory. Before the obelisk was raised Pope Sixtus the Fifth placed a particle of the true cross in that cross of bronze and granted that indulgence."

"That is the time I caught you, Father Tim. You have forgotten that all those ordinary indulgences are suspended during the Holy Year."

"Not when applied to the souls of the departed. You can continue to gain indulgences for them as usual."

"But let us come back to our subject," said Dwyer. "You spoke as though this anniversary were very, very important. Why so?"

"When you were at home, the anniversary of your first Communion was counted an important day, was it not?"

"It was. And it proved to be always both a happy and a holy feast."

"Then the anniversary, the nineteen-hundredth anniversary, of the first of all first Communions should be important. That is what we are called upon to celebrate."

"You mean the first Communion of our blessed Lady and the first Christians?"

"Yes. Furthermore an anniversary full of sweet and tender memories for us priests is that of our Ordination and first Mass. My friends in dear old St. Mary's never fail to celebrate this anniversary. But we all glory in being friends of the Apostles. Therefore we should celebrate this centenary of their ordination and first Mass. First Communion, Ordination, first Mass were made possible only by the institution of the most holy Eucharist at the Last Supper. We are celebrating the nineteenth centenary of that institution—that act of unspeakable love performed by our Saviour in the upper room at Jerusalem the night before He died, proving how He loved His own and loved them 'unto the end'."

"Our Lord's death, too."

"Yes, the great God dying in agony upon a cross that He might wash away our sins in His most precious Blood. Surely it is fitting that a Holy Year should be proclaimed in memory of such an event.—Then too, there is our birthday."

"What do you mean, Father Tim?"

"Well, you always celebrate your birthday, don't you? The anniversary of that day on which the woman you cherish most on earth, in tears and suffering, became your earthly mother. Jesus, dying, left you a keepsake, His dearest treasure. At the foot of the cross, in unspeakable anguish, the mother of Jesus became your mother. You cannot do enough to show your appreciation and gratitude on the nineteen-hundredth anniversary of that blessed day.—Now you see that the Holy Year has been proclaimed to commemorate, not one single, detached event, but the act by which Christ redeemed us and all the manifestations of love and mercy intimately bound up with that sublime act."

"I see. Then, besides the death of our Lord, it refers also to His Resurrection and Ascension and to the Descent of the Holy Ghost."

"Correct. And any one of these events is so marvellous, so fraught with far-reaching consequence that it alone would abundantly suffice for the proclamation of a Holy Year. And what else?"

"I think, Father Tim, we have exhausted the list of extraordinary things that happened in the year of Our Lord Thirty-three."

"What about the Primacy of St. Peter? Jesus conferred upon him and upon his successors the gift of infallibility that they might guide the Church safely through the ages, never allowing her to go astray on matters of faith and morals. Is not that event, to which we owe the certitude of our belief, worthy of a centenary celebration? Furthermore, in the year 33 Jesus gave the ministers of His Church power to forgive sins in His name. What a stupendous event was that! In the year 33 the first band of Christian missionaries, the Apostles, set out to carry the light of the true faith to the world."

"Why, Father Tim, this is overpowering. There never was a Holy Year to compare, even remotely, with this one."

"That is what the Pope himself said when he enumerated this imposing list of reasons why the centenary occurring in 1933 should be celebrated with all possible solemnity."

"Let me see if I remember them. This Holy Year commemorates the nineteen-hundredth anniversary of the Last Supper, the institution of the Eucharist, the first Communion of the Blessed Virgin and the other followers of our Lord, the Ordination and first Mass of the Apostles, the Passion and Death of Jesus, His Resurrection.—Oh, no, there was something else before the Resurrection — "

"The mother of Jesus becoming our mother at the foot of the cross," Father Casey prompted.

"Yes, Yes. And then the Resurrection, the Ascension, the Descent of the Holy Ghost, the gift of infallibility conferred upon St. Peter and his successors, the power of forgiving sin delegated to the ministers of the Church, the launching of the first apostolic campaign for the conversion of the pagan world. What a list of miracles of mercy and love! Divine omnipotence has gone to such extremes for poor sinful man! To my shame, I must confess that I had forgotten."

"The whole world had forgotten. That is why God had to send this plague of universal depression to bring us to our knees. A good lesson. We are so prone to criticize and condemn the Jews. God had led them out of the bondage of Egypt with a series of the most astounding miracles, yet they quickly forgot and turned their back on Him to worship a golden calf. You see God did even greater things for us to free us from the bondage of the devil. We too have forgotten His benefits and

prostrated ourselves before the idols of wealth and pleasure. God is chastising us as He chastised them. As a loving father, He is doing it for our own good. The Pope has appealed to the world, begging it to remember, pleading with us to make this year a year holy in the annals of all time, a year devoted to commemorating the Redemption wrought by Christ and all the marvels that accompanied it, a year of gratitude, of reparation, a year of return to God, of penance, of humble supplication. Never was Pope's appeal heeded by so many millions of obedient children. The nations of the world gathered here in this piazza today is a proof. Such a wholehearted response has led the Holy Father to express a conviction that is almost prophesy: the poverty, misery, and strife that afflicts the world today will be greatly mitigated before the Holy Year is ended."

A sudden movement on the balcony galvanized that sea of humanity.

"He is coming. He is coming," was heard on all sides. In the tense excitement of the moment Father Casey and his companion did not even advert to the fact that everybody about them was speaking English.

Silver trumpets sounded. Loud speakers repeated: "Confiteor Deo . . . I confess to Almighty God . . . that I have sinned . . . through my most grievous fault. Therefore do I beseech the Blessed Mary ever Virgin . . . the holy Apostles Peter and Paul and all the saints and you Father to pray to the Lord our God for me."

A white-robed figure appeared on the balcony. Pius the Eleventh, the Head of the universal Church, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, said to "the City and to the World": "May the Almighty and merciful God grant you pardon, absolution, and remission of all your sins. MAY THE BLESSING OF GOD ALMIGHTY, FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST, DESCEND UPON YOU AND DWELL WITH YOU FOREVER."



A SAINT'S SMILE

"Until the age of fourteen," writes the Little Flower in her Autobiography, "I practiced virtue without any idea of making it a joy; that is a grace which was bestowed on me later. . . . When I have a great deal of pain, when anything painful or unpleasant happens, instead of putting on a sad countenance, I meet it with a smile. At first, I did not always succeed, but now it is a habit that I am glad to have formed."

Interpreting the "Ads"

M. J. HUBER, C.Ss.R.

The other day I stumbled across an advertisement in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and it proved to be a choice cut of meat for the grinder; for it savors deliciously of the flavor which permeates modern advertising, namely, the appeal to the emotions.

"Between six o'clock and midnight, tonight, 31 people will be killed and 861 injured. Some . . . are alive and well now. Like you, they may be reading this very page. Yet by midnight these 892 people will have met with violent death or injury.

"Explosion . . . flood . . . hurricane? No! Automobile accidents!"

That is an excerpt from the advertisement. It occupies a full page and calls attention to a "new type of brake lining." In the middle of the page is a black-and-white drawing of something that looks somewhat like an explosion of indefinite species,—a picture which may be called, "Death," "Crash," or write your own ticket. In the true sense of the word, all of it is very awful,—and terrifying.

It is not stretching things very much to say that the purpose of this advertisement is to make you rush out to buy new brake lining before six o'clock tonight when the wholesale slaughter of motorists begins. Surely it is intended that the hair on the back of your neck should bristle when the copy asks: "What do you know about your brakes?" and "Can you always stop in time?"

Of course, the company offering this product for sale could have made tests and quoted figures proving how quickly automobiles equipped with their brake lining and travelling at different rates of speed were brought to a stop. But their advertising man, knowing the modern Mass Mind, prefers to play on the heart-strings of the motorist and twangs on them a resounding chord of fear. When these emotional vibrations have been set up, the advertiser breaks down and admits that although faulty brakes cause more accidents than any other mechanical defect, still, in most cases, the brakes need only adjustment (and not new lining!). Still, if you do need new brake lining, please, Mister, won't you buy ours?

Anyway, the bogey-man hiding in this advertisement is made to look somewhat foolish when the car owner remembers that the same magazine carried an advertisement for automobile tires in the preceding issue, —a two-page advertisement, mind you,—stating very flatly, "Good

brakes are not enough! It takes tires that grip and hold to stop your car." See? It's much safer to travel on roller skates.

Good brakes and good tires, it is true, make for safety. But if it is necessary to call in the specter of fear and the terror of death as salesmen, then one of two conclusions must follow: either the products cannot stand on their own merits, or else, (and this is the horse on which to put your money) the advertiser is convinced that the motoring public does not possess enough intelligence to listen to reason, but will most readily swallow anything if only it is disguised with the proper emotional coating.

ADVERTISING—YESTERDAY AND TODAY

During the last twenty years the rules for the game of advertising have been rewritten several times. At the beginning of this period most advertisements were built up on the "reason-why" plan; they were more or less plain, forthright announcements of goods for sale. The next step was to use the advertising page as a show-window; to present the product as attractively as possible, together with a full description and explanation. Today the sole purpose of advertising is to break down "sales resistance;" to make the public buy; to create wants and desires, often against the prospective buyer's natural inclinations.

With this objective placed, it is imperative for the advertiser not to appeal to the common sense or to the reason of the consumer, but to play on his emotions. Thus advertising becomes a game that is built up on the mechanism of suggestion,—on an understanding of the psychology of the Mass Mind; a tricky process of nudging and prodding the sense appetites and inclinations; in short, as the popular song croons, advertising is the fiddle whose music is meant to play on the strings of your heart.

Not every advertisement, it is true, is based on this appeal. But to show how general the attitude is, I have paged through just two issues of the Saturday Evening Post and have listed examples of advertisements found in them,—advertisements which appeal directly to some emotion or which play upon some human weakness.

FEAR:

"Beware of Mr. Liar Lamp. Promises to save you pennies—robs you of a dollar."—Mazda Lamps.

"Riding on Whirlwinds—Safety at Stake."—Tire Valves.

"See while you buy. No dirt gets past the protective wall of Cellophane."

"Old Dutch protects health . . . banishes germs."—Old Dutch Cleanser.

"Banish fear of blow-outs."—Tires.

"Two ways of kissing a cold."—Paper Drinking Cups.

IMITATION OF OTHERS:

"Join America's Business Leaders and Save with Chevrolet Trucks."

"The Four Hundred now number millions. Millions are enjoying the advantages once confined to a limited clientele."—Balloon Tires.

"Like the man in the picture you have always wanted a Packard."

LOVE:

"Candles that warn a mother . . . her boy's even chance may be slipping away."—Insurance plan for providing funds for a boy's college education.

LOVE OF EASE:

"New freedom from kitchen tasks—new golden hours of leisure. Only minutes need be spent in the kitchen."—Electric Refrigerator.

"Trouble-free refrigeration—years and years of it."—Electric Refrigerator.

HUNGER FOR THRILLS:

"Thrills, surprises . . . packed with everything you could think to ask for. Half the thrill of owning it is the way it saves you money."—Automobile.

"Now golfers can hear the 'Click' . . . feel the control . . . see the white glistening beauty" . . . —Golf Balls.

ECONOMY:

"What do you average in car costs?"—Motor Oil.

"Husbands are cheering these new budget breakfasts. Wives are saving."—Grape-Nuts.

"What Price Water? A New High for Sparkle . . . A New Low for Cost."—Carbonated Water.

LOVE OF BEAUTY:

"New beauty treatment for your car."—Auto Wax.

"Now—new beauty of skin and complexion can be yours."—Yeast Foam Tablets.

"Open Your Kitchen Door to Lifetime Beauty."—
Metal Kitchen Furnishings.

"How do you keep your car looking so swanky"—
Auto Polish.

And don't forget the old favorites: "B. O.," "Halitosis," "Pink Tooth Brush," and "Athlete's Foot." What doddering, diseased, down-and-outers we moderns are! We may be inclined, perhaps, to joke about such advertisements, but it cannot be denied that the campaign of fear and the danger of offending have made lifebouy bloom in thousands of bathrooms where no Lifebouy bloomed before.

MORE OF IT

And while we're singing the catchy chorus of the advertiser's medley, let's slip in a line about hero-worship. We are a nation of champions, celebrities, and "stars;" we are a people who are fascinated by the glittering tin crown of fame. So the advertiser in mock modesty steps aside and allows the celebrity to boost his product with a testimonial. It catches the eye of the celebrity's public; it warms the cockles of the hearts of the "fans."

And there you have the twin engines that make the modern "ad" pulsate with life and power: the arresting of public attention and the motivation of desires. First you must catch the eye; then you must create the longing and the desire to possess.

Another tried and true attention-getter (perhaps the most successful) is to make the glamorous beauty of a captivating young lady the hostess in charge of the advertisement.

Some time ago the Prophylactic Brush Company ran an advertisement that featured the picture of a handsome man with a somewhat toothy smile as an answer to a protest against the continual use of pretty girls' pictures in their advertisements. "But," said the copy under the picture, "this sets no precedent. We reserve the right to go back to the 'beauties.' Frankly, we think they have more attention value. They enable us to attract millions of readers, men and women. Then we can tell them about our tooth brushes." You see, that man knew his advertising,—and his public.

Snap through the pages of our magazines and you will see page after page of advertisements whose appeal rests solely upon the pictures of beautiful women and handsome men. And note, while you are at it,

how frequently these pictures of lovely characters are in no way related to the product advertised.

We could go on listing the attention-getters;—colors, (it's an era of color,—colored stoves, cooking utensils, shoes, fingernails, complexions, kaleidoscopic bathrooms); slogans, (Luckies Please! See your dentist twice a year! Keep Mouth-Happy!); prize contests; free samples;—on and on and on, until they form the choking atmosphere of our waking hours and the unwilling substance of our dreams.

THE JOKER IN THE DECK

Believe it or not, this is no condemnation of advertising. Advertising, as such, is necessary and inescapable. But modern advertising, I believe, has gone beyond the limits of its own back yard. And this I maintain in spite of all the evidence which the friends and advocates of modern advertising produce as arguments for the benefits which advertising has brought to the world at large.

"Advertising," they say, "has made standardization of products possible." (And we are becoming an unthinking, standardized people. Must we be led by the nose?)

"Modern advertising has created modern business." (Not at all! Many causes are at play in this field. Anyhow, the present state of modern business is not much to boast of.)

"Advertising has made us desire to improve ourselves and our homes. It discourages apathy and indifference. It makes us dissatisfied." (True, brother, true! America leads in the consumption of comforts and luxuries, so that our comforts are the luxuries of other countries. We are no longer satisfied with ordinary things; we must have the best.)

And they go on, and I answer in parentheses:

"Advertising stimulates industry by stimulating demand for products." (The old story of having your cake and eating it! Advertising coins no new money. When advertising has sent consumption of goods and increased production roaring over the top, the result is a crash and a depression.)

There are more claims about the benefits of advertising. But I have a plentiful supply of parentheses on my typewriter; and just as many counter-claims to slip between them.

I don't know. Perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps, if modern advertising continues lavishly to pour its benefits and advantages upon a

benighted, stricken, stumbling world for another fifty or hundred years, perhaps, I say, the world shall see the day when the motorist need no longer refill his gasoline tank nor change his oil; when life insurance shall be arranged for ten generations still unborn; when automobiles will make sport of the speed of planets and motor accidents will be a fairy tale.

In that day, thanks to modern advertising, the smoker will have the perfect cigarette; the housewife will revel in the workless kitchen. Gentlemen will need no longer seek the perfect shave, for beards will be extinct. Ladies will be carefree and gay, for runs will no longer ruin their stockings. How sweet will be the breath of everyone! How lovely all complexions! What shining teeth! No aches! No pains! All germs within a cage!

And advertising will do it all!

But then what will the poor advertiser do? His work will be complete. Twirl his thumbs? Nay, nay, Pauline! A hundred years from now the advertiser will sing as he did of yore: "It Pays to Advertise!"

THE CHRISTIAN HEROINE

On the 19th of October, 1877, the Funeral of Sister Simplicia took place in Paris amid a vast concourse of people. It was a tribute of the populace to an outstanding act of heroism, which took her young life as its toll.

Sister Simplicia was out for a walk with five of her proteges, the oldest of whom was eight years old. Suddenly, the little group was set upon by a huge shepherd dog, whose foam-flecked mouth indicated danger. In a moment the brave Sister put herself between the mad dog and the children.

At the very outset, the Sister was badly bitten but she clung to the animal. For ten minutes she wrestled with the infuriated beast, rolled upon the ground, and in an effort to choke the dog thrust her hand into its jaws.

Finally some neighboring farmers, hearing the cries of the children, hurried to the scene, dragged the dog off and killed him.

Care was immediately given the Sister, who had sustained no less than fifteen bad bites. Caustic was used to clean the wounds, but after a few days, the Sister, calm and resigned, recognized the first signs of hydrophobia. She prepared herself for death, and went toward it smiling and secure in the sense and peace of duty well done.

Gathered at Dawn

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.S.S.R.

XXII

The lad (Antonio de la Pedraja) showed great concern for the Souls in Purgatory. When but five or six he already realized with true Catholic instinct that the Sacrifice of the Mass was the most effectual way of relieving those detained in Purgatory. One year on the Feast of Epiphany, he was given some money by his mother with instructions to give it away in alms. Later his mother asked him whether the sum satisfied his generosity.

"No, Mamma," was the candid reply, "I would like an extra amount so as to have a Mass said for Uncle Antonio. If he is not in Purgatory, he will see it from heaven and say: 'How my little nephew Antonio loves me!' This will satisfy me more than any plaything."

In fact he received a sufficient amount and had Father Jáñez say the Mass. At another time, when he heard that the anniversary day was approaching, the lad one evening clambered to his father's knee, and by his affectionate way separated the parent from the sum sufficient for a Mass. This boy of a few years showed more Catholic sense than many of several score.

"I WANT TO SAVE MANY SOULS!"

Love for souls came as a second nature to the lad of such delicate spirituality. He was much interested in the Mexican persecution, and prayed daily for the afflicted Catholics in Mexico. In fact he even prayed for the conversion of Calles.

He tried to get his mother to assemble the children of the village for catechism in the domestic chapel of Liencres.

"You, mamma, and Aunt Anena," so the little organizer dictated, "can take care of the big ones and I will see to the real little ones (los chiquitines)."

He seemed to have some of the evangelical fearlessness that we note in the real apostle. Antoñito being ill, was visited one day by a man of the neighborhood.

"I have something to say to you," the boy began.

"Say it, Toto," was the reply.

"You are a bad father," was the astonishing answer.

"But my man, how is that?"

"Because you do not send your children to Mass on Sundays." The man tried to justify himself, by saying that the older ones went when not detained by work, and the others were too small.

"Too small! No!" said the youth, "they are eight and one is already obliged at seven!"

This thirst for souls became a preoccupation with the lad. He saved his coins for the Chinese babies, and delighted to give his pesos to the begging missionaries. And so, on the evening of the day of his death, the tired little voice spoke wistfully: "I want to save many souls!"

THE PASSION FOR SANCTITY

The all consuming desire of the lad's short life, however, was to be a saint. He was remarkably well versed in Christian Doctrine even before he knew how to read. Early in life, he recognized the danger hidden in great talent. Pride was a thing he feared most. His remarkable progress in learning quite naturally brought much praise his way, but each time, he turned the praise aside with the deftness we have learned to admire in all saintly persons.

One day Toñito astonished his aunt by the rapidity and precision of his figuring and problems. Kissing him, she assured him that she was proud of his achievement and application.

"Don't say, auntie," he replied quickly, "that you are proud; say rather you are glad that the Holy Spirit has given me sufficient intelligence; to some He has given more and to some less."

At another time, his father in his enthusiasm about the lad's fine conquest over self, and earnestness for sanctity, caught the little fellow up in his arms and kissed him exclaiming:

"You're my diligent little boy; you are a little saint!"

"Don't say that, papa," came the reply, "that sounds like the pride of the pharisee standing in the temple saying: 'I give Thee thanks, O Lord, that I am not like the rest of men!' Don't you see, daddy, if you praise me, your son, in that way, you have a little pride?"

Doña Pedraja quite naturally wished her son to advance in learning and urged him on with the remark that he would matriculate with honors at college.

"No, no, mamma," he corrected her quickly; "it will do me no good to study if the Holy Spirit does not give me understanding; ask Him

to give it to your little boy so that I may apply myself as I ought." The little face grew thoughtful, the eyes alight with enthusiasm. "Don't think, mamma, that I want to know much; to be a saint is of more importance to me. O mamma dear, I do desire it so much—to be a saint!"

DESIRES FOR MARTYRDOM

Tonito liked to read and study and did so for some time with a great deal of zest. But his enthusiasm abated and his mother noted it: she called his attention to it.

"True, mamma," he answered candidly, "some time ago I loved to study but now I busy myself merely with being good. What is of greater value—to be good or to be diligent?"

"I believe, darling," his mother answered slowly, letting each word sink into the child's mind, "that to be good consists in doing everything as it ought to be done; and one of the things of a child that ought to be done is to apply himself diligently."

The answer struck home. What a tactful answer of a mother who knew how to prevent her child from losing himself in false interpretations of sanctity! When reading the biography of this charming lad, one is astonished to see how well he grasped the meaning of genuine sanctity, and how tenaciously he clung to his ideal. It was therefore, only natural that he should have reached out in desire for the greatest of sacrifices—martyrdom.

One day his mother was telling him about the Mexican martyrs.

"Mamma," the lad blurted out, "when I am a little bigger I am going to Mexico, for I want to be a martyr."

"Don't you know, dear," his mother said quietly, "that martyrs must endure great sufferings?"

"That doesn't matter," he answered quickly, "a martyr suffers for a short time, and besides when I suffer for God He helps me, and then after a while I will be happy forever."

"Quite true," she said, "but you can sacrifice yourself in another way. St. Aloysius did all things well in order to please God, and in this way he sanctified himself." The lad was very much impressed—he had not thought of it in that way. After that, he tried to do as his mother directed, so that later he could candidly admit: "I take care to do all well for the love of God; I'm trying to imitate St. Aloysius."

BRUSHING AWAY THE MORNING DEW

Thus the lad led a life of holiness worthy of one far beyond his years. The flower of his life was nearing its blossom time, and once more God was about to brush the dew from delicate petals, and pluck a Spanish flower for his parterre. The boy seemed to sense the approach of the end, for some days before his last illness we find him talking with his mother:

"Ah, mamma, and how is your boy today? You are always thinking of him? What if he should die?"

"Don't talk that way, dear," she answered quickly. "You will not die before your mother."

"And if God should ask it," the little dark eyes were deep with mystery. "what would we do then?"

"But God won't permit that since I ask him every day that you should be preserved for my comfort . . . that you might remain to take care of me in my old age."

"Don't fret yourself about that, mamma," said the lad with a touch of the prophetic spirit, "God will send you more." The lad lapsed into silence, and the mother forgot the incident till after Tonito's death, when she recalled how positively he spoke of an event that no one dreamed of.

The first herald of the end came on February second, when the lad was put to bed with a bad throat. No one thought this would be fatal; everyone was sure he would be up and around in a few days. But the boy was not deceived, for his grandmother overheard him saying to himself: "I will die, I will die." He grew steadily worse and had little choking spells. The boy endeavored to hide the seriousness of his condition from his mother and insisted that she take her night's rest, but when Dr. Aldasoro asked him one day, how he felt, he answered: "Bad, I feel very bad." Only to the attending Sister Servant of Mary and to a servant did the lad manifest the seriousness of his illness.

"I will die; it matters not to me for I will go to heaven." And at another time: "I will be with Jesus!"

A few days before the end, he spoke to his mother:

"Mamma, when one is a close friend of God, He gives one many things." His mother thought he spoke of toys, sweets and other material things he liked.

"You must not think that way, dear," she answered, "for God gives

His friends suffering and trial, so that He permitted His Divine Son to suffer more than any man." Toñito spoke no more of it—he was thinking of what God was about to give him in heaven.

Two days before the end, Toñito said to his aunt who stood at his bedside:

"Poor me! desires to blaspheme come to me and I don't want them! I say no to it, no, no," and the lad grew very excited, but soon he smiled up at her once more: "They have gone, auntie, and I am once more at rest."

The same scene took place the next day as his mother sat by his bedside.

"O Mamma, how terrible," he cried out his eyes full of distress, "it seems to me that I am going to blaspheme, but I don't want to say it. Help me, Jesus, I do not want to say it!" The room became quiet once more, the little patient seemed to pray quietly to himself. At times his arms would go out as if repulsing some invisible person. His mother sought to comfort and soothe him:

"It's gone now, isn't it, darling?" she asked.

"Yes, mamma," came the faint answer, "but I suffer very much."

IN THE GLOWING OF THE DAWN

A few moments later, he suffered a collapse from which, however, he came forth very quickly. But his thoughts were constantly with his mother and he sought to make her grief as light as he could.

"Mamma," he said to her as the final hours were drifting away, "if I die, you are not going to cry very much, are you?"

"Don't speak of such things now, darling," came the quick reply as she caught her breath in fear.

"No, no, don't cry, mamma," he added scarcely noticing her answer, "don't cry, because I am going to heaven, since my sufferings here are serving for my purgatory."

Another time, his mother heard him say:

"God has given it and God has taken it away; blessed be His name."

"What is that you are saying, Toñito?" she asked. "What has God given to you and taken away?"

"My health, mamma," was the quiet reply. "But I am happy even though I suffer much."

The fever and the swelling of the throat abated for a time, and they sought to build up the lad's strength by special food. But a relapse

soon occurred, and a paralysis set in that made taking of food an impossibility except under great pain. This he was told to offer for the Holy Father as a Jubilee gift. "Mamma," he acknowledged shortly after, "I offer much to the Holy Father; you do not know how much I am offering up." The day before his death, Toñito made his little will and gave away all his savings and presents.

Finally in the night of the 22nd of February, the lad grew very much worse, so that it was judged proper to administer the sacraments. Father Jáñez heard his confession and on the next morning at seven-thirty Viaticum was administered. The Doctor said that no hope remained, while the lad, calm and serene, told those about his bed: "I am dying." His mother was quickly called as she had just left the room momentarily, and as she gathered the lad into her arms once more and gave him a last kiss, the weary little head fell lightly against her breast, and Toñito was with God. It was just eight o'clock, the morning of February 23, 1929.

The lad died on a Saturday, just when three Masses were being offered for the return of health, and in the same hour when the villagers of Liencre gathered at Mass and sang the *Salve Regina* begging La Virgen del Pilar to give back health to the lad they loved. But God's ways are not our ways, though His Blessed Will is assuredly our glory.

THE LEGACY TO THOSE WHO REMAIN

The boy had just gone to God, when he immediately showed that he still thought of his family. Within a year, his mother, who had been unwell for a long time, was suddenly cured; his grandmother was also restored to health. One of his little playmates—Gabrielita—was withheld from her First Communion, because she could not master enough knowledge of Christian Doctrine. Within a short time after Toñito's death, she recommended herself to the lad, and met requirements to such a degree that she stood at the head of the Christian Doctrine class.

These are significant things, no doubt, but the significance of that short life is not limited to such events. The legacy of every flower is the perfume with which it has enriched the world; the legacy of every saintly soul is that the world is ever so much better for her having passed through it. Persecution in Spain may dim the lustre of a deeply religious people, and calumny may be rife, and rumor very busy. But it is a glory to modern Spain to have produced such a child as this. To those of his homeland, he will be an ideal that speaks of glory culled

from days of suffering; to those abroad, that the Eucharist is the school of saints, and that our little ones have all the capabilities for high sanctity, if only their elders would do their part. And thus a lad sleeps beneath a beautiful Spanish sky; his body may seek its native dust, his soul is now with God. But his memory will ever remain the promise of better things for a persecuted land, and the stimulus to greater spiritual achievement to millions of eager children, whom Christ has called His own.

OLD SYRIAC FABLES

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ASS

Once upon a time there was an ass that listened with rapture to the beautiful song of a nightingale. The foolish beast wished with all his heart that he might be able to sing as well as the nightingale.

"Tell me," he pleaded, "what kind of food do you eat, you who sing so wonderfully?"

"My food," replied the nightingale, "is dew and air."

"My, how easy!" marveled the ass, and so he opened his mouth and stood drinking in the air and the dew until he perished of hunger.

THE TWO COCKS

There were once two cocks that engaged in a fierce struggle. Finally one gained a decisive victory and the vanquished cock fled and hid himself in a secret place.

The one that had gained the decision however, went up to the highest point of the roof on a high building and in a moment was so busily engaged in crowing over his success that he failed to notice an eagle that was swooping down on him.

The eagle caught him and in another moment the crowing cock was no more.

THE FOOLISH DOVE

A dove that was very thirsty saw on a wall a fine picture of a vessel filled with water.

In his eagerness to quench his thirst he dashed himself with such vehemence against the wall that he fell down mortally wounded.

While he was dying the poor dove mourned: "Oh how miserable I am! How foolish! I did not remember that water is not to be found on walls but in fountains and in streams."

An Open Letter

TO THE GRADUATES OF 1933

Dear Graduates :

The very fact that you are graduates makes you a target for letters like this. If not for letters, then for advice in speeches, words of wisdom from old friends of the family, suggestions or at least questions from most of your acquaintances. The truth is that this is a rather important period of your life. You yourself must at least have a question in your mind as to what you are going to do next. The further along you go in life, the more you find it necessary to narrow down your objectives ; to turn your efforts towards more concrete and definite ends ; in a word, to follow a preconceived plan. You must be conscious of this need ; and now when you stand at the end of one period of schooling and must enter another or pass at once into the workaday world, you would be a strange sort of person were you not to devote some time to the question : Just what shall I do ?

It is true, there are many who do allow chance circumstances to map out their course for them. The drift into high school from grade school ; they drift into and through college ; they drift out into a job, sometimes little worthy of the long years spent on their education. The drifters do not make great citizens or great saints.

But you, being the graduates of Catholic schools, are giving a little thought to a plan of life. In this letter I want to say a few things to you about one plan of life that may or may not have suggested itself to you. If you have associated much with priests and sisters, you have probably asked yourself at some time or another : I wonder how I would make out in that sort of life ? And the question starts a long train of thought that is as important as it is difficult to bring to a successful conclusion.

The whole thing revolves around the question of vocation. Have you a vocation to be a priest or sister or not ? Every priest has heard young people say : If I were absolutely sure that I have a vocation to be a priest (or a religious) I would not hesitate a moment. In other words, they want a command as certain and definite as the ones God gave Moses in thunder and lightning on Mount Sinai. They want a sign as clear and unmistakably from God as the stigmata of a saint.

They want to have practically no responsibility in the choice of a state of life.

If these things were necessary elements of a vocation, then I can assure you there would be few priests and sisters in the world today. More than that, if every vocation were a case of predestination to a higher state, inescapable and clear and almost miraculously made known, then there would be but little merit in the sacrifice of those who answer the call; without abandoning God, they could hardly help themselves. Whatever else may be said about vocation, this much is clear; God invites young people without forcing them, leaves a great deal to their free will, and when they follow Him, grants every grace that is needful for their state.

He may invite you simply through your desires. St. Paul says that you cannot even pronounce the holy Name without the grace of God; surely you cannot desire the highest possible state of life unless God grant you that desire. If the desire has been quite persistent or recurrent through your youth, or even if it has come up recently but strongly, if it is a desire to do something really great and noble and selfless for the God Who died for you and for the world, and not merely a desire to escape the difficulties of states of life in which you see others struggling, then there is something of an invitation in the very desire, and the invitation is from God.

But even after He has given you the desire, God continues to work through your free will. You are not forced to foster the desire that made itself known. You may turn to other interests and soon forget it. You may thrust it aside quite boldly and say: "An easier life for mine." Or you may hesitate, waiting foolishly for something more definite, more like a command, and meantime the years roll by and before you know it your youth is gone and you are wrapped up in the world. God left it to you to make a choice; to use your free will to adopt a life of sacrifice; to practice a love that is above all other loves. You could save your soul without so choosing. The rich young man in the Gospel had a desire to do something noble and therefore an invitation from God. First he asked the Master what was necessary for salvation. He was told merely to keep the commandments. He desired to do more. So the Master said: If thou wouldst be perfect, if you want to do more, follow Me. A great deal was left to him and ultimately he preferred an easier course. So may all who are invited by God.

Added to all this, God works through the circumstances in which His Providence has placed you. If He has left you with poor health, or poor talents, or poor dependents who actually need you, He has given a sign as clear as any could be that He is not calling you to a different state. Even in these circumstances He may give you a strong desire to follow Him more closely, to become a priest or a religious, to sacrifice everything for Him. That desire, even there, is a special grace. Possibly it is a call for the future, when your circumstances will be changed. More often it is an appeal to you to live an especially exemplary and perfect life in the world; one that will do as much good as that of many a consecrated soul. I sometimes think that God gives an especially strong desire to follow Him to those who are evidently bound to a life in the world simply to attach to their commonplace work the merit of a difficult sacrifice. I do know that there is an unsung beauty about many a character that seems fitted for the cloister but that is forced by circumstances to remain in the world.

Some thoughts about these rather serious matters must come to you, now that you have graduated from school. It is good for you to know that much of your attitude towards a vocation to a consecrated life depends on your own free will. Your ability to face sacrifice, your deep, personal, active love for Christ and His blessed Mother, your desire to help, as no one else can, in bringing back into the world the peace that seems so universally absent—these things must be your inspiration. Surely your will must be stimulated during these troublous times, to welcome any token of an invitation from God to be numbered amongst His representatives—priests and sisters and even lay-brothers, who lead by example and draw by their lessons men and women to Him Who has well been called “the forgotten God.”

Asking God's special blessing upon you, and His light to penetrate all your deliberations on the subject, I am

Devotedly Yours,

D. F. M.

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Be merciful with sinners! Remember that the leniency you show others will one day stand you in good stead when you too will be called upon to render an account of your stewardship.

One Hundred Years...Whither

THE CENTENARY OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.S.S.R.

"The true and primary author of it (The Oxford Movement)" writes Cardinal Newman, "as is usual with great motive-powers, was out of sight. Having carried off as a mere boy the highest honors of the University, he had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble?" (*Apologetica*, p. 67.)

THE LEADER OF THE MOVEMENT

Keble was an unusually saintly soul, one might say Catholic in all his feelings and intuitions. What but a Catholic heart could write these lines about Holy Communion?

"Sweet awful hour! the only sound
One gentle footstep gliding round,
Offering by turns on Jesus' part
The cross to every hand and heart.

O agony of wavering thought
When sinners first so near are brought!
It is my Maker—dare I stay?
My Saviour—dare I turn away?"

Or these to Our Blessed Mother?

Ave Maria! Blessed Maid!
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade . . .
Ave Maria! Mother blest . . .
Ave Maria! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim.

In fact, so Catholic are these sentiments, so permeated with lively faith in the Real Presence, the Mass, and the glory of Mary, that one wonders how the author could remain in the Anglican Church, which shelters and approves equally, nay even more, the denial of these truths.

This very trait of personal holiness and disinterestedness, together with his gentle humility, made him indeed a haven of refuge to all those who felt the stirrings of Catholic truth and devotion within them, but

were loath to do the one logical thing,—submit to the Catholic Church. A leader, however, Keble was not.

"No wonder," said the late Dean Lake of Durham, "if some of us Anglicans make Keble the leader of the Oxford Movement. But," he continues, "history is history; the real inspiring genius was Newman."

Pusey, too, might be looked upon as a leader, but he became such only by force of circumstances, after Newman and Manning had turned to Rome. He lacked the one great quality of a leader,—clearness. Of him Hawkes said that "he never seemed simple in thought or speech, but always obscure and involved." And so he was "the last in all that set to have followers called by his name."

The real leader was Newman. With all his backwardness and awkwardness, the qualities of his mind and heart were such, that he quickly gained an influence that few could resist.

"Was there ever anything in the world like Newman's influence on us?" asked W. G. Ward. And his dictum,—so strange in a man of Ward's strong personality,—might be taken as the creed of all the adherents of the Oxford Movement: "Credo in Newmanum! I believe in Newman!"

The leadership of Newman was acknowledged by Keble and Pusey alike; both of them looked to him as the mainstay of the movement. How strong this influence was, how far-reaching, by reason of his sermons and writings may be gleaned from a poignant letter written, when it became noised abroad that Newman was about to convert, by a woman who had never seen Newman. In a letter to Newman's sister she wrote:

"I have been thinking that among all the opinions and feelings your brother is called upon to sympathize with, perhaps he hears least and knows least of those who are, perhaps, the most numerous class of all,—people living at a distance from him, and scattered over the country, with no means of communication with him as with one another, yet who all have been used to look up to him as a guide . . . To them his voluntary resignation of ministerial duties will be a severe blow . . . our champion has deserted us; our watchman, whose cry used to cheer us up, is heard no more."

Newman was undoubtedly the leader. How did he become such? Nothing in his past history seemed to prepare him for it. He was born in 1801, the son of a London banker. His mother was a descendant of French Huguenots and gave him an education strongly tinged with Calvinism. From his earliest years he had so strong an aversion for Rome, that to him Rome was simply Anti-Christ.

He was not yet sixteen when he was admitted to Trinity College, Oxford. There he showed himself to be a hard worker; he was an omnivorous reader, fond of knowledge of every kind, especially of the study of history, and even dipped into Oriental languages, though his preferences were for poetry and mathematics. He had but few friends, lived pretty well alone, and was of a timid and reserved and uncommunicative nature. In 1822 he was elected a Fellow of Oriel College, one of the most coveted honors at the University of Oxford.

This success only increased Newman's diffidence and awkwardness, however. But the society of Whately, later Protestant Bishop of Dublin, who was a splendid conversationalist, soon drew Newman out. The qualities of his mind revealed themselves in such a manner that Whately declared Newman was "the clearest minded man he knew."

But Whately was a Latitudinarian in his religious views, and Newman began himself to drift into liberalism. However, he was slowly gaining conviction on some fundamental doctrines that logically led to Catholicism, such as, that dogma is the primary and necessary foundation of religion; that it is impossible to find all religious truths in the Bible, tradition is necessary; the doctrine of Apostolic Succession; the visibility of the Church as a body and its independence of the state. And he placed in his room a picture of the Blessed Virgin. His brother objected; but Newman replied with a vigorous denunciation of those Protestants who forget the inspired words: "Blessed art thou amongst women."

It was at this time, between 1822 and 1824 that he met Edward B. Pusey. Like Newman, Pusey was conscientious, though Pusey was more industrious than brilliant. Like Newman, too, Pusey was of a deeply religious nature. They were drawn to each other at once. But Pusey inclined toward High Church principles; Newman was evangelical, tainted with liberalism. This made Newman uneasy.

In 1824 Newman received Orders in the English Church. How seriously he took his Orders, and how sublime his conception was, may be seen from these words in his diary:

"It is over; at first after the hands were laid on me, my heart shuddered within me; the words 'for ever' are so terrible . . . 'For ever'! Words never to be recalled! I have the responsibility of souls on me to the day of my death."

In 1825 he was made curate of one of the Oxford Churches, but continued to reside at the University and next year he became one of the

Tutors of Oriel College. This gave him position. "From this time my tongue was, as it were, loosened, and I spoke spontaneously and without effort," he writes of himself (*Apologia*) . . . "It was at this time that I began to have influence."

PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT

The Established Church was threatened. Without a wave of agnosticism was making many entirely indifferent to the church. Such men as John Stuart Mill, Carlyle, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Jowett and Stanley, posing with the affected superiority that men of science only too often assume, looked with pity if not contempt upon all dogmatic and supernatural religion. That was catching.

Within the established Church, the Broad Church or liberal wing, that was represented by Whately and Thomas Arnold, thought to save the Church by submitting the creed to a thorough revision according to the philosophical and scientific ideas then current,—even if all dogma had to go by the board.

In 1830, the Whigs took control of the Government. They were liberals. They openly declared their intention of curtailing the revenues of the Established Church and the privileges it enjoyed and even of revising its liturgy and creed. This was to be done by a Parliament in which sat Dissenters,—men who rejected the Established Church. The Church was accustomed to rely on the State and now it was the State that threatened its existence. In 1833 Parliament voted to suppress ten Anglican bishoprics in Ireland and threatened even more radical measures.

We can well imagine the dismay of the members of the Established Church. To them it seemed as if it were at an end. The deepest anxiety was felt by those who still had some idea of the Church as a spiritual institution. They realized that to save it there must be a deep reform,—that from top to bottom, clergy and people alike must become conscious once more that the Church is not simply a department of the State, but that it is a supernatural organism. To make it a mere department of the State was apostasy from God.

This is what Keble announced in his famous sermon, preached at Oxford, on July 14, 1833. It fell like a bombshell and stirred all hearts. Action had to be taken. The Oxford movement began.

At Hadleigh a number of university men met to discuss means to defend the Church. They planned an "Association of Friends of the

Church," which would resist every innovation or modification of the teaching, worship and practice of the Church. There was to be a general committee to control all publications of the association.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES

Newman and Keble, though in touch with the men at Hadleigh, were not in sympathy with their plans. They felt that ignorance was the one great evil from which the whole Church suffered: Bishops, clergy and people alike had lost sight of the spiritual character of the Church. Newman decided on publishing a series of Tracts. They were to be short, sharp, fervent,—four to eight pages,—stating doctrine without discussion or argumentation.

The first Tract appeared on September 9, 1833. It was only three pages in length. It was addressed: "To my brothers in the sacred ministry, the presbyters and deacons of the Church in England, ordained for these functions by the Holy Spirit and the imposition of hands." It was anonymous; Newman tells us why:

"I am but one of yourselves—a Presbyter; and therefore I conceal my name, lest I should take too much on myself by speaking in my own person. Yet speak I must; for the times are evil yet no one speaks against them. Is it not so? Do not we 'look upon one another,' yet perform nothing? Do we not all confess the peril into which the church is come, yet sit still, each in his own retirement, as if mountains and seas cut off brother from brother? Therefore suffer me, while I try to draw you forth from those pleasant retreats, which it has been our blessedness hitherto to enjoy, to contemplate the condition and prospects of our Holy Mother in a practical way; so that one and all may unlearn that idle habit, which has grown upon us, of owning the state of things to be bad, yet doing nothing to remedy it."

Its burden was to make the clergy of the Anglican Church conscious of the supernatural origin of their authority. "The real foundation of our authority rests on our apostolic origin. Our Lord gave the Holy Spirit to the Apostles; they passed it on in turn, and the sacred gift has reached our Bishops. Are we sufficiently persuaded of this?"

The succeeding Tracts denounced the alterations in the liturgy and funeral service; insisted on Apostolic Succession; explained the constitution of the Church of Christ and of that "Branch" of it established in England. The remainder treated of analogous subjects, insisting chiefly on the Divine organization of the Church, her sacraments and her liturgy, and endeavoring in everything to make religion loftier, deeper and more real. They had the same appearance and style as the first, being only a few pages in length, and going straight and sharply to the point, not afraid of surprising, even of offending."

Newman was the principal author of these Tracts, although he was helped by Keble, Bowden, and others, and later by Pusey. He worked feverishly almost, for he was thoroughly aroused and in earnest. He himself called this his "period of fierceness." Yet, at this very time, his spiritual life grew, if anything, more intense. He converted an old lumber-room near his quarters in the University into an oratory, where he frequently spent the night in prayer. He was convinced that the Established Church had lost the sense of sanctity. All his writings and actions were offered to God.

"I think I am conscious," he wrote to his sister at this time, "that whatever are my faults, I wish to live and die to His glory,—to surrender wholly to Him as His instrument, to whatever work and at whatever personal sacrifice."

His enthusiasm was contagious; his sincerity and spirituality compelling. Noble spirits gathered round him,—such as Robert Wilberforce, T. Mozley, Rogers Christie, Henry Wilberforce, Wilson, Williams, Ward, Bliss, J. Mozley, Woodgate, Copeland and a host of others,—attracted from other universities and even from the camps of liberalism and evangelicalism. Many of these later converted to the Church with him.

Perhaps the greatest conquest, in Newman's mind at least, was Pusey, who actively joined the Movement in 1835, and wrote some of the later Tracts. In fact, through him, the Tracts, beginning with the 67th, took on an altogether different character. Hitherto they had been brief,—“cries of alarm, appeals for help as a man might give notice of a fire or inundation.” With Pusey's first Tract on Baptism, they became more profound theological studies. Newman himself recognized the need of this change.

NEWMAN'S SERMONS

The Tracts, however, were not the only means used to further the Movement. Newman's sermons contributed perhaps as much as the Tracts. In fact, Dean Church, a contemporary and participant in the Movement, says: "Without his sermons the Movement would never have been developed, or at least, it would not have been what it has been."

When we recall what listeners said of these sermons we can appreciate Dean Church's words. Gladstone, for instance, said: "Upon him (Newman) there was a stamp and a seal." And J. A. Froude reveals the secret of his power in the pulpit when he says: "I believe no young

man ever heard him preach without fancying that someone had been betraying his own history, and the sermon was aimed specially at him."

Naturally we stop at this point to ask: What of the doctrine of the men of the Oxford Movement? Did they have any definite doctrine to offer? Newman himself, in his *Anglican Difficulties*, replies:

"They would have been very puzzled to have said what was their actual end in view; they expressed certain principles for themselves, because these were true, because they felt as if they were bound to proclaim them; . . . but if they had had to determine the practical application of what they preached, nothing would have been more difficult for them."

In fact Newman tells us in his *Apologia* that, "hardly any two persons who took part in the Movement agreed in their view of the limit to which their general principles might religiously be carried." He himself felt, it seems, that "his mind was journeying towards an end which he did not see clearly." But it is clear, he had gone a long way towards the true Church.

We must not think, however, that he was any closer to Rome in his own mind. On the contrary, the earlier Tracts are full not only of denials of such a purpose, but even of bitter invective against Rome, "in conformity with the tradition of all the theologians of the Established Church." True, many accused him of making the Movement a road towards Rome. Newman was not surprised at this. "I expect," he wrote as early as November, 1833, "to be called a Papist when my opinions are known." But he felt he did not deserve this criticism. "As for personally becoming a Romanist," he wrote in all sincerity, "that seems more and more impossible." In fact, he could write, and with utter conviction, such lines as these: Rome is "incurable, malicious, cruel, pestilential, heretical, blasphemous,"—and much more.

This seems to have been his position,—and that of the Movement, if it had a definite position: the Anglican Church of the day had departed from the teaching of the Apostles as manifested in the Liturgy; the Roman Church too had rejected it; the confession of Geneva had likewise suffered from foreign influences. The situation of Anglicanism will be good,—if they return to the beliefs and practices of the ancient theologians they will avoid Protestant errors and Roman corruptions."

The authorities in the Anglican Church looked with suspicion on his activities. Newman himself, convinced of the divine origin of the hierarchy, was most deferential to the Bishops. But they could not consistently even accept such authority as he accorded them. Liberals

and evangelicals alike urged the hierarchy to condemn the Movement. Here and there an episcopal voice was raised against it,—timidly however, and as if failing to recognize the power of the Movement. Meanwhile the Catholic ideas and practices were asserting their innate vitality.

The crisis came with Tract Ninety. In this Newman maintained that the XXXIX Articles,—the Charter of the Established Church,—condemned nothing of Catholic teaching.

THE LIFE OF THE VINE

It is significant that Christ should have deliberately chosen the symbol of the vine rather than that of the fair olive tree or the stately cedars of Lebanon. The reasons for this selection are beautifully given by Father David McAstocker, S.J., in his little volume, "A Friend of Mine" (Bruce, 1930). The thoughts are so apt and fitting that we take the liberty to quote: The scene is in a tuberculosis sanatorium; a despairing patient at last gains calm and strength by meditating on the life of the vine.

"The vine has no life of ease. It has no flowering time. It grows not like the wild trailing arbutus whither it wills. No! from the first day it grows not free to heaven but tied to a stake. And, with its arms stretched out, it is but crosswise. The more it grows, the straighter bound are its branches until the vintage comes. After the grapes are gathered into the wine press, one would think the vine might be allowed to rejoice a little in the good work accomplished. But not so. Despoiled, disfigured, left to the mercy of a cruel wind, it is forgotten. All through the wintertime the vine gives joy to those who else were dismal in the cold, but the poor vine stands out amid the frost and has only this grace left—that it endures the winter through in long, lone steadfastness, and next year blooms again."

One more sob shook the bed of the invalid. He saw the treasure he possessed in suffering. . . . How brave, how courageous Christ, the Vine, had been! That Blood of His still warmed the hearts of men, but the vine—Calvary—was forgotten. No one now sighed to suffer. It was too much to ask a pleasure-loving world! A great resolution welled up in the heart of the sufferer. Almost instinctively he began to repeat:

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drunk but the wine poured forth,
For love's strength lieth in love's sacrifice,
And who so suffers most has most to give."

THE RESCUE

SHORT SHORT STORY

Father Lesaffre, S.J., in "Missioni della Compagnia di gesu" gives an account of a Madagascar youth, who may well stand side by side with the noted boy-martyr, Tarcisius.

On July 15, a fanatical tribe, the Faharatos, closed in upon the little village of Morafeno on the Island of Madagascar. Although it was early morning, the inhabitants had been warned and had fled to nearby woods, leaving the marauders to pillage home and church. The fugitives watched with anxiety as their homes were robbed, and prayed that the church would be untouched, for it housed the Blessed Sacrament. The sexton, Mpiadidy, was almost distraught with remorse of conscience; Father Enrico was far away at the time and the defense of the Eucharist was the duty of the sexton.

"We must rescue the Lord," he cried out.

But none was found to go. Some alleged age and others illness or physical weakness; while others could not expose their lives because of dependent children. Thus they argued among themselves, while the line of pillage was closing about the church. But a little boy of ten named Lita, was listening to the anxious discussion. Suddenly he leaped up.

"I will go and save the Lord," he cried.

"No, no, child, you are too small," answered Mpiadidy.

"Oh, that is just the reason," pleaded the lad, "for the Faharatos will pay no attention to me because I am so small." He had scarcely said this, when he ran towards the village.

He slipped into the church, hastened to the altar, and standing on tip-toes with arms outstretched, he tugged at the tabernacle door. But the little arms were too weak. Tears came to the boy's eyes, and squatting on the altar steps he sobbed as though his heart would break. His fingers were bleeding from the violence of his effort to open the tabernacle, but he would try again. With great effort he pulled a chest to the altar, and standing upon it, he tugged with might and main at the little door. Finally it yielded.

"*Mafy tampoko*—That was hard, dear Lord," he said as he knelt in adoration.

The Faharatos had seen the lad run into the church, had followed him, and were now watching him through the cracks in the bamboo walls. The scene touched most of them so that they wanted to spare the life of the boy, but their leader taunted them with becoming soft and sentimental:

"He must die. Set the place on fire!" And soon the light, dry walls were a crackling mass of flame.

As Lita heard the voices outside, he leaped to his feet, and grasped the ciborium. The Savior will not burn? He ran right and left; he put all his strength against the doors. He could not get out. The smoke blinded him and he stumbled over the straw mats on the floor. The fire gained ground and leaped about him, setting fire to his clothing. But the Savior will not burn! He pressed the ciborium to his heart, and fell amid the flames.

* * *

The marauders left the village as the little church swayed and crashed together, and soon little threads of smoke remained to tell the deed—little threads of smoke, like those coming from tapers that burn upon the tombs of the martyrs.

That evening, Father Enrico returned. They searched the ruins for Lita, and soon found the lad. His hands were charred, his body was burnt, but the ciborium was untouched.

"The Savior will not burn!"



"FIGHTING FOR FAITH"

"In matters of religion, millions have nothing more than an inwardly home-made 'religion of the heart,' the remaining ingredients being custom, habit, pragmatism, hearsay, eclecticism, and the ambiguous supposition that if we do no harm to anybody, but rather a bit of good (good, meaning giving them a bit of pleasure mental or physical) it must surely be all right? But nothing short of the best is all right. The idea of *fighting* with their *minds* for their faith is strange to most people, and even repugnant. . . .

"You would reasonably suppose that half of a rational soul's leisure would be earmarked for reading, musing, or listening upon this and cognate topics; and you would suppose something wildly different from the facts. . . ."

W. J. Blyton: *The Modern Adventure*.

Why All These Laws?

F. E. BIETER, C.Ss.R.

The manner of applying the water in baptism, the difference between public and private baptism, and the choice of a name for the baptized are discussed under the appropriate canons this month.

Canon 758: *Although baptism may be conferred validly either by infusion or by immersion, or by aspersion, still the first or second method, or a combining of both, whatever is customary, should be kept according*

to the approved rituals of the diverse churches.

Baptism implies a washing. Christ did not specify how that was to be done. Consequently the sacrament may be administered validly if water is applied to the body in any way. Since there was freedom in adopting a method of baptizing, it was only natural that climate, the age, health and sex of the person to be baptized led to various forms in the administration of this sacrament.

The canon mentions four methods. Baptism is conferred by infusion, when the water is poured upon the body and usually upon the head. Immersion means that the person is placed or dipped into the water. Then the canon mentions a combination of these two. That is done when the lower part of the body is immersed, while the minister pours water over the person's head. Aspersion means that the water is sprinkled on the person to be baptized.

Why does the church prefer that infusion, or immersion, or a mixture of both be used according to the custom of the place? All these methods are valid and secure. The Catholic Church is universal. A method of baptizing that would be practical in a tropical region, would be most impractical in the frigid and frozen north. Sacred Scripture shows that the apostles baptized by immersion and by infusion. In choosing a method, they adjusted themselves to circumstances. Their successors continued to do the same thing. Consequently various customs arose in the administration of the sacrament. Thus each locality obtained the rite best suited to it. Of course, the Church today wishes that those customs should be retained.

The Canon shows too that the Church forbids aspersion as a method of baptizing, although granting in the very canon that it would be valid. Why? It is not so secure and certain. Since baptism is a wash-

ing, the water must flow or move over the body. But when the water is applied by aspersion or sprinkling, that effect will often be doubtful. Hence the Church forbids baptism by aspersion.

Canon 759: *In danger of death baptism may be lawfully conferred privately; and if the minister is neither a priest nor a deacon, then only those things should be done that are necessary for the validity of the sacrament. But if a priest or deacon is baptizing, then the ceremonies which usually follow baptism should be carried out, if time allows.*

Private
baptism

This canon is concerned with private baptism. A previous canon insisted on solemn baptism in ordinary circumstances. Private baptism, it will be recalled, implies the omission of the ritual ceremonies.

Why should baptism be administered without ceremonies when the recipient is in danger of death? Because the sacrament is necessary for salvation, but the ceremonies are not. The ceremonies are largely an outgrowth of the instructions which in the first centuries were given to the catechumens just before baptism. Furthermore these rites contain many sacramentals and prayers the purpose of which is to obtain God's helping grace to live in a Christian manner here upon earth. But if the person is dying, these ceremonies would be out of place.

Then too, when the minister is not a priest or a deacon, the ceremonies are to be omitted. Why? Sacred rites should be performed by properly deputed ministers. That was God's plan both in the old and new testament. Besides, most laymen know little about these ceremonies. If in an urgent case, such a one were to attempt any thing more than what is essential for the sacrament, there would be great danger of the person dying without baptism at all.

Finally the law enjoins that when a priest or deacon is baptizing, privately in danger of death, the ceremonies after baptism prescribed by the ritual should be performed. Why? These ceremonies are short. They comprise the anointing with holy chrism, the giving of the white garment and lighted candle with the accompanying prayers. Consequently they can be carried out in a sick room. But these ceremonies also have a special fitness. They have reference not to life here on earth but to life eternal. The prayers ask for eternal salvation. The rites prepare the soul to appear before the tribunal of Christ, and to meet the elect in heaven.

Canon 759 continues: *Outside of danger of death the Ordinary may*

not permit private baptism unless there is question of baptizing conditionally an adult convert from heresy. In all other cases, the ceremonies that have been omitted for any reason, must be supplied in church as soon as possible.

No doubt, the ceremonies are profitable for the soul of the new Christian. Hence they should not be omitted. But why then omit them when an adult convert is being baptized conditionally? Even in that case they should not be omitted without good reason. It is left to the bishop to decide when such a reason is present.

Canon 761: *The parish priest should take care that the person receiving baptism should be given a Christian name. But if that cannot be done, he should add the name of some saint to the name selected by the parents, and in the baptismal register he should enter both names.*

The ritual is even more explicit regarding the choice of a name for the new Christian. It contains this direction for the parish priest: Since a name is given to those who are baptized as children of God regenerated in Christ, and inscribed in His militia, the parish priest should see to it that obscene, mythical or ridiculous names, or those of false gods or of impious heathens should not be selected; but instead, as far as possible, names of saints, whose examples will be an incentive to the faithful to live piously, and who will protect them as their heavenly patrons. These words of the ritual tell us why the Church wishes that every Christian should have the name of a saint. It is an old custom. In olden times heathen parents very commonly named their children after the gods and goddesses. When these persons later became Christians they quite naturally disliked their names. Hence it became customary to assume new and Christian names when receiving baptism.

LUXURY AND DEATH

Garrick, the idol of the eighteenth century English stage, was conducting his friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson, through his new and magnificent residence at Hampton Court. He pointed out in detail all the luxurious appointments of his new home.

"Ah, yes, Garrick, said Dr. Johnson characteristically, "but these things are what make a death-bed terrible!"

The future is purchased by the present.—Johnson.

Catholic Anecdotes



THE TALE-BEARER

Chester S. Lord, one of the fine old figures of the newspaper world, became managing editor of the New York Sun in the year 1880. His absolute fairness to all those who worked under him is attested by many stories, which are being incorporated in a series of articles running in *Editor and Publisher*.

One day a reporter who is called "Black," approached Mr. Lord's desk.

"Mr. Lord," he began, "There are several things I want to tell you about Smith. He is not a man to be trusted. I found him drunk last night, and last week he didn't get the fire story you sent him on. He walked into a saloon, and later met a Tribune man . . ." And so on, lodging a number of complaints against his fellow-worker.

The managing editor listened attentively. When Black finished talking, Mr. Lord straightened up, and raising his voice, said in a tone loud enough to carry to every corner of the room:

"Smith, would you mind coming here? Black is saying that you fell down on your assignment . . ."

Neither Black, nor any one else in the room, had a great desire to bring office politics to the managing editor after that.

A STRANGE CONVERSION

One of the most unexpected ways of becoming interested in the Church is that which is recorded in the case of Sir F. C. Burnand, editor for many years of London *Punch*. His story is told in the *Wanderer*. A busy writer of quaint and humorous comment on current happenings, he had never given religion or polemics any serious thought. He was a member of the Church of England, and apparently satisfied with the Establishment. Almost the only thing he was serious about was his editorial work, for, as he himself said: "It is no joke to find bread for a family of six by making jokes." So he was constantly on the lookout for material for his work.

One day, in pursuit of such material in an old bookstore in London, he picked up a copy of St Augustine's *Confessions*, which he had never read. He took it to his office, knowing from experience that even in

the most unexpected places one sometimes finds hints valuable for one's work.

The book lay open on his desk when an Anglican bishop called. Concluding at once that Mr. Burnand was on his way to "Rome," as there had been a number of conversions recently, the good bishop asked the humorist, solemnly:

"Have you really considered the step you are about to take?"

"I have considered it very carefully," returned the humorist, thinking that the question related only to some projected, irreverent use which the bishop feared might be made of St. Augustine's great work.

"Well," said the bishop, "come to me tomorrow, and I will show you reasons against it."

Burnand went, and the bishop explained to him the Anglican position. He listened respectfully, apparently much impressed by the cogency of the reasoning of his right reverend friend.

"I shall now show you how weak the Roman position is," went on the bishop, having finished his argument in favor of Anglicanism.

"Oh, pardon me," said Burnand, "but don't you think, your Lordship, that Cardinal Newman would be the best man to go to for the Roman position? You have interested me deeply in a subject to which I confess I have never given any thought. It is a most important matter now, as I see from your words; and I do not think it would be fair to myself, or to a subject so vital, to decide at once about it. I shall take up the Roman side of the question with the Cardinal."

He went to see Cardinal Newman, and soon after entered the Church, remaining until death a very fervent, zealous Catholic.

A MOTHER-MARTYR

In December, 1898, a young Franciscan missionary, Father Victorin Delbrouck, died for the faith in China, and his death had been preceded by terrible tortures.

"What did you do when you learned the awful news? the mother of the murdered missionary was asked.

"What did I do?" she said. "Well, after drenching the letter with my tears, I went and threw myself at the feet of Our Lady, and I said to her: 'O my good Mother, my heart is broken! But I know that you suffered still more on Calvary . . . I too, will be the Christian mother of a martyr . . . I will weep no more!'

"And since I prayed thus, I am strong. I pass my days collecting alms to send to the pagans who killed my son."—*Ex.*

Pointed Paragraphs

VACATION

Vacations are necessary. Whether one's work be mental or physical, indoors or out, pleasant or distasteful, it is necessary once in a while to get away from it—to think of other things—to relax and rest.

Vacations may be taken in many ways. They may be spent in travel; at the seashore or lake-side; in the country or the city. They may be profitably spent just lolling about at home. The only essential feature is that there be a let-down from routine and responsibility.

There are two extreme attitudes towards vacation. The one is that of the man who will admit of no relaxation. If forced to "take off" for a vacation, he insists on taking his work with him, at least in thought. He cannot play or amuse himself or rest. He worries. He creates problems. He makes hypothetical decisions. His vacation gives no pause to the nervous break-down that is approaching.

The other extreme is that of the man who carries the idea of relaxation too far. He not only forgets about the responsibility and routine of his work—he forgets about everything. He lets himself go; relaxes to the level of his instincts. He throws himself into excitement, pleasure, occasions of sin and deeds of sin. He is having a vacation, he says; why worry about anything? And when his vacation is over he is far less capable of doing his work than he was before, and less even of a man.

Vacations are necessary, but the word is misused if it be applied either to a period of inactive and brooding worry, or to a period of feverish, dangerous, sinful excitement that is unworthy of a rational creature and detrimental to one's future tasks. It should be a time of carefree gaiety, or freedom from worry, of sensible pleasure, with a generous mixture of idleness and rest.

Thank God for your vacation, if, unlike many these days, you will have one. Then use it like a creature of God, having a mind to know and a will to choose that which is good.

"BESIDE ONESELF"

"I am beside myself" is an old expression commonly used to signify perplexity, anger or confusion. It is a very apt expression, implying that one does not know just "where one is at."

Yet there is a way of getting "beside oneself," or better, "outside oneself," or, as it is sometimes actually expressed, "next to oneself," that is very healthy, and far from being a state of confusion, is a means of clearing up perplexities and of finding out just "where one is at." Philosophers recommend "getting outside one's mind and looking in" as a way of studying psychology. And as a means to spiritual advancement, nothing could be better than now and then taking a look at oneself objectively; viewing oneself from the vantage point of a bystander, who sees in its perspective of past and future the present condition of the soul.

Perhaps it sounds rather difficult, but there are circumstances in which it becomes simple and easy. One such is the making of a retreat. A person leaves his ordinary ways for a few days; he detaches himself from all that usually occupies his mind from dawn to dark; under guidance and instruction, he takes a look at his life as a whole, its beginning—its proper end—its present tendency and direction. He gets "beside himself" and learns to judge himself as nearly as possible with the eyes of God.

Who will say that such a thing is not useful or even necessary once in a while, if a man is to avoid unconsciously being sidetracked from the true objectives of life? Living in the whirl of the modern world, people of today have special need of periodical self-examinations, with the accompanying help and support of earnest prayer. After all, this is the essence of a retreat.

"Know thyself," was the advice of the wise old Socrates. It is still the best advice, and will be heeded by all who seize one of the many opportunities given them this summer to make a retreat.

THE MOVIES AND LIFE

Educators are becoming alive at last to the necessity of dealing with the evil effects of the movies and talkies upon growing boys and girls. Here and there one meets with Catholic parents who recognize the veiled danger and as a result do not allow their children to become habituated to indulgence in the movies. There are many others who seem unaware that there is a problem connected with the matter at all.

A study of 1,500 films in three selected years was recently made by Professor Edgar Dale of Ohio State University, according to the *Literary Digest*. The result showed that the subjects of 82 per cent were crime, sex and love. Another study of 115 films taken at random

showed 71 violent deaths, 59 cases of assault and battery, 17 hold-ups, 21 kidnappings. The grand total was 406 crimes perpetrated and 43 attempted.

The goals pursued by the actors in the films studied were, in the order of their frequency, winning another's love, marriage for love, professional success, revenge, crime for gain, illicit love, thrills or excitement, conquering a rival, financial success, enjoyment, concealment of guilt, marriage for money.

Such is the stuff out of which movie entertainment is made. At its worst it is an incentive to crime; at its very best it holds out alluringly a totally naturalistic ideal of life that ultimately will diminish even an adult Catholic's concept of the supernatural.

But there is abundant testimony of the ill effects on youth. Dr. Frederick Patterson, a New York neurologist, says these effects may be likened to shell shock; repeated indulgence brings on emotional debauches and future nervous disorders. Other students of juvenile behavior testify with evidence that many youthful aberrations are directly traceable to frequentation of the movies.

These statements are almost frightening. Nevertheless it is possibly true that we have taken the movies too much for granted, and been blind to their evils. For Catholics the moral is clear. Infrequent attendance at the better class of movies will perhaps be harmless; but children's lives, characters, and souls can be badly damaged if they are allowed constant and indiscriminate indulgence.

ONE ALONE

It was St. Bernard who said: "I am never less alone than when alone." Yet many of us have experience of the converse of this experience—that we are never more alone than in a throng.

At no time does this seem more true than when we are walking along one of the downtown streets of some large city—the crowds jostling us as they pass us by.

Thousands are hurrying on their way—intent and eager toward some objective. They have their dreams, their ambitions, their hopes, their fears. Each has his own sphere of activity.

What a volume each life would present, were we able to read them all. Yet as they hurry along, their thoughts are lost to us. We may strive to read them as they pass, to gather their stories. But they grant us only a glimpse and are gone.

Often there is not a glance of recognition in all the huge throng—never a face that lights up in greeting. There is none who knows us and whom we know. Never do we feel more alone.

Is there none? Beneath the spires that raise their crosses into the sky—there is One. He waits with recognition—friendship—love.

Stranger we may be to the crowds. But entering the portals of a downtown church, we meet one glance of recognition. We part from the throng and kneel in silence. We are no longer alone.

RELICS OF THE PAST

Many customs and practices that are in use today among the people as mere superstitions, had their origin centuries ago either as expressions of true religion or as blasphemous protests against it.

The habit of spitting on the first coin earned each day, which is still not uncommon in England, had its origin, as Donald Powell reveals in the *London Universe*, in Catholic times. In those days it was the custom to make the Sign of the Cross with the day's first coin as an act of devotion and gratitude to God. Thus arose the expression used of an unfortunate, "he has not a penny to bless himself with."

It was this beautiful practice that was perverted by the so-called Reformers in England, who, to show their contempt for the Catholic practice of making the Sign of the Cross, began that of spitting on the first coin earned each day. It is this custom that has survived.

Many of the rhymes sung innocently by children today, once had a hidden meaning. "Little Jack Horner who sat in the corner" was the popular embodiment of the story of one John Horner, who was a clerk to Thomas Cromwell, the agent of Henry VIII in dissolving the English monasteries, and who actually "sat in the corner," and following his master's example, "put his thumb" into the monastic pie, and "pulled out a plum." The plum whose revenues Horner acquired was Mells, a Somersetshire estate belonging to Glastonbury Abbey.

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Wisdom normally asserts itself when youthful extravagance has simmered. It is then that our thinking and our choices are more apt to be sound.

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Because the child is impressionable and imitative it behooves its elders to be careful lest by a bad example they be the cause of its ruin. How many children are ruined thus!

✱-----LIGUORIANA-----✱

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

EFFECTS OF HOLY COMMUNION

The *first and principal* effect of Holy Communion is an increase

From "Moral
Theology"

of sanctifying grace, and sometimes even the infusion of the "first grace" (i.e., the grace which takes away mortal sin, as in the sacraments of Baptism and Penance), when, for example, a person does not know he is in mortal sin, or when he thinks he has made an act of perfect contrition, but has only made one of imperfect contrition; then, by Holy Communion, his imperfect contrition becomes perfect.

The *second* effect is the remission of venial sin, as St. Thomas and most theologians teach with the Council of Trent. We may say that venial sins are remitted (as long as we have no affection for them) not only by virtue of the act of love of God which this Sacrament calls forth, but also directly by the power of the Sacrament itself, which infuses a special grace to strengthen the soul and heal it of the wounds which follow on venial sin; but St. Thomas teaches, and it is the better view, that they are remitted indirectly by virtue of the act of love of God.

The *third* effect is to preserve us from mortal sins, through the strength afforded by the sacramental grace, which excites devotion, gives power against temptation, and puts the demons to flight. Some even say that it secures us a special external help of God, by which we are kept from entering

those occasions of sin, in which God foresees we should fall.

The *fourth* effect is the remission of the temporal punishment due to sin; this, however, not directly, but indirectly, in virtue of the act of love of God which the sacrament excites in the soul.

The *fifth* effect is an actual spiritual sweetness, which infallibly follows if the soul places no obstacle, and consists in a readiness of will to do the will of God with a cheerful heart.

The *sixth* effect is a special union with Christ and His members.

The *seventh* effect is the winning of eternal life; according to Our Lord's words: He that eateth this bread, shall live forever.

Holy Communion has other effects even on the body. It reduces the attacks of concupiscence, causes good representations in the imagination, and sanctifies the body itself, being an assurance of its resurrection and glory. It is also very probable that as long as the Sacred Species are present in the body, they continue to cause an increase of grace, if the one who receives Holy Communion continues to dispose himself for the increase.

OCCASIONS OF SIN

The devil easily finds pretexts to make us believe that it is necessary for us to enter some occasion of sin. It is true, whenever it is really necessary for us to so. Almighty God will not fail to give us His help

From "Sunday
Sermons"

and keep us from falling; but at times we only imagine the occasion to be necessary. St. Francis of Assisi used to say that in the case of some souls that really fear God, the devil at first does not try to bind them with the cords of mortal sin; he knows that the sight of mortal sin would be enough to frighten them, and they would not be ensnared. And therefore the devil, in his cunning, begins by trying to bind them with a mere thread, which does not give much fear to the soul; but then, once they are bound with the thread, he finds it easy to increase the threads and the cords, until the soul has become entirely his slave. Thus, to escape this danger, we must at the very outset break all these little threads.

In the warfare against the vice of impurity especially, as St. Philip Neri says, it is the cowards who are the victors—that is, those who flee the occasion; and on the contrary, he that enters the occasion, strengthens his passions against himself, and makes them so strong that it will be morally impossible to resist.

HELP OF MARY

If we are to believe St. Anselm, we shall sometimes find our prayers heard sooner if we go to the Blessed Virgin, than if we pray to our Saviour Himself. And this is not because He is not the fount and Lord of every grace, but because when we have recourse to Mary, and beg for her intercession, her prayers will have more power over God, being the prayers of a mother, than ours could ever have.

DESIRE OF HEAVEN

It is said that in Purgatory there is a special torment, called the pain *From "Manner of languor, for of conversing those souls who in with God"* this life had little desire of Heaven. And this is reasonable; because to entertain only a weak desire of Heaven is to treat as something insignificant and slight the glorious and eternal kingdom of Heaven, which Our Saviour purchased for us at the price of His blood.

Therefore I say to every devout soul: Never forget to fly often to Heaven in your thoughts and desires, telling your God that just the loving sight of His face in Heaven will repay you for a thousand years of life. Sigh to leave this place of exile and sin, where you are always in danger of losing His grace, that you may come to your home of love, where you may love Him with all your strength. Often say to Him: Lord, as long as I live in this world, I run the risk of leaving You and losing Your love; when will that day dawn for me when I shall leave this life, where I am continually grieving You, and come to love You with all my soul, and unite myself with You without fear of ever losing You again?

This was the constant sigh of St. Theresa, and she rejoiced when she heard the clock strike, because it reminded her that another hour of life had passed with its danger of losing God; and she so burned with the desire of dying and going to see God, that she felt she was dying of desire to die; and this inspired that loving song of hers: I die, for I cannot die.

Book Reviews

RELIGION

The Forgotten God. By the Most Rev Francis Clement Kelley, D.D., Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D. Published by Bruce, Milwaukee. 145 pages. Price, \$1.50

"The forgotten man" has become the issue of the hour. Politicians, social workers, schools and charitable agencies are endeavoring to help him out of his plight. Bishop Kelley, however, pronounces in the foreword of his book the thesis that there would be no "forgotten man" if man had not forgotten God. The 13 chapters of his work then proceed to portray in a straight-forward, pleasingly, but not ponderously, erudite manner, the God Whom man has forgotten. Though the various treatises are brief, the author probes forcefully to the heart of each truth and displays it in its relationship to the needs of the time. Over all is the breath of genuine culture; the calm certainty born of straight thinking and prayer; and the charm of a pleasing, sometimes arrestingly beautiful style. The book is a starting point for unlimited reflection and a stimulus to Christian action.—D. F. M.

MUSIC

Cantate Domino. A book of hymns compiled & edited by V. G. L. Distributed by J. Fischer & Bro., N. Y. C. Organ Score \$2.00; Vocal Part \$6.00.

I have examined these hymns thoroughly, and may say that while doing so I was delighted and edified by their genuine liturgical spirit. They are stamped with a sweet and pleasing austerity; they are prayerful and unassuming, and surely lack all triviality, or style or the 'ditty'.

The compiler seems to have hit upon the kind of hymn which one might call 'transitional'. I mean by this, that those who sing these hymns will be brought subconsciously by gentle steps to appreciate Ecclesiastical Chant with its peaceful free rhythm. Any work that effects this is worthy of high commendation, for it satisfies the intense desires expressed by Pius X in his *Motu Proprio* and in his subsequent letter to the Cardinal Vicar of Rome.

Therefore I would not merely recom-

mend this collection to Catholic choir-directors but would even urge them to obtain it. Some of the 102 beautifully printed hymns are in free rhythm; none of them are without the *spirit* of free rhythm. The hymns represent a selection born of many years' experience in teaching Gregorian Chant in Convent schools and religious communities in England, and should prove of value as a supplementary hymn-book to similar organizations elsewhere.—A. B. K.

BRIEF REVIEWS

Ecce Homo. By Francis X. McCabe, C.M. Published by Bruce, Milwaukee. Pp. 173. Price, \$1.00

It is rather difficult to give an estimate of this book on the divinity of Christ. It was not intended to be a scientific study, being directed to "the man in the street;" yet the impression remains in the mind of the reviewer that it lacks sufficient fundamental unity to be a forceful appeal to even the humble classes of readers. It is simply a series of random articles on variegated elements in the life of Christ. There is more of the preacher than the popular apologist in the point of view; the truth to be proved obtrudes itself as taken for granted before an argument is offered.—D. F. M.

A Day With Our Mother. A Pageant-Drama in 3 Acts. By Rev. Mathias Helfen. Published by the Catholic Dramatic Movement, Milwaukee, Wis. Price, 50 cents; 10 copies, \$3.50. Royalty: Members of the Catholic Dramatic Guild, \$5.00; others, \$10.00.

Father Helfen has prepared this pageant drama especially for the month of May or for school graduation entertainments. The plot is negligible except as an allegory for children; but the setting in which it is placed will no doubt, if properly presented, make it pleasing dramatic entertainment for all. Catholic grade schools will find limitless opportunities for every kind of dramatic talent in this pageant.—D. F. M.

Priest of a Doubting Flock. By Thos. B. Chetwood, S.J. The Queen's Work, St. Louis. Price 10 cents. "This story is one of a series intended to set forth

imaginatively the influence of Christ's human presence among us." These words of the introduction to this pamphlet indicate its purpose and method, and the story itself more than carries out the purpose. This reader found it exceptionally well written, and recommends it heartily to all Catholics as a means of increasing their love and gratitude for the Eucharist; likewise as something they can offer their non-Catholic friends as an appealing introduction to what the Real Presence actually means in the Catholic Church.—R. J. M.

How to Pray at all Times. By St. Alphonsus. A new translation of the treatise "A method of conversing continually and lovingly with God," by T. A. Murphy, C.Ss.R. Catholic Truth Society, Dublin. The Staff of the Liguorian have been thinking for some time of retranslating and publishing in pamphlet form some of the shorter works of St. Alphonsus; but Fr. Murphy of the Irish Province has come forward with this welcome new edition of a gem among all St. Alphonsus' works before they got down to it. We can only say that we wish that this pamphlet could be put on every Catholic pamphlet rack in the country. It presents the mind of the Saint in its true light—as full of joy, of confidence, of love, in its relation to God, and as leading souls to God not along the forbidding and impossible road of the Jansenists, but along the way that St. Alphonsus made so distinctively his own (though he is not usually credited with it)—the way of filial trust and love. Those who are striving to please God will take new confidence on reading this little work; and those hesitating at entering upon it will find their fears dissipated or allayed.—R. J. M.

Thoughts on the Heart of Jesus. By J. E. Moffatt, S.J. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. 91 pages. Price, 50 cents. This is a series of short and devotional

meditations (each of them no longer than two pages in a small prayerbook size volume) based on the invocations of the Litany of the Sacred Heart. They can be recommended not only as good meditations, but also as practical for use in preparation for Holy Communion or thanksgiving after it.—R. J. M.

Many of our readers are no doubt acquainted with the *Leaflet Missal*, most practical aid to the layman's participation in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is published weekly, and presents in English the entire text of the Sunday Mass just as it is said by the priest. Preceding this text of the Mass, each week is published a 600 word instruction on some rite or doctrine connected with the Mass that will add to one's eagerness to read and offer the Mass with the priest. Single subscriptions to the *Leaflet Missal* are \$1.25 per year, and may be obtained by writing to 244 Dayton Ave., St Paul, Minnesota. All who make use of the opportunity will find their devotion to the Mass growing with their increased understanding, and will soon be looking for an English Missal for the whole year.

The Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee is doing splendid work in publishing a quarterly survey of recommended books. The qualifications for listing in this catalogue are three: 1) the book must be worthy of a mature intelligence; 2) it must not offend the Christian sense of truth and decency; 3) it must bear the marks of good literary craftsmanship. While there are bound to be differences of opinion as to what books of the current output most fill these requirements, it is certain that many people will profit by this survey drawn up by a group of very capable judges. Each book listed is briefly reviewed, and the whole may be called a guide to worthwhile reading. It sells for 50c a year; 15c a single copy.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Whistles of Silver* by Helen Parry Eden (Bruce)
Bernadette, Child of Mary by Lawrence McReavy (Herder)
Father Damien by Piers Compton (Herder)
Frederick Ozanam by H. L. Hughes (Herder)
St. Anselm by Joseph Clayton (Bruce)
The Doctrinal Mission of S. Therese of Lisieux (2 vols.) by Benedict Williamson (Herder)
The eternal Testament by John Elbert (Bruce)



Catholic Events



Persons:

The Bishops of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference issued on June 8th a "Statement on the Present Crisis" that deserves wide publicity and intense Catholic interest. It boldly points out the predominant evils of the day, especially those that have brought about the present distress, such as false social philosophy, misguided educational procedure, the rejection of moral standards, the undermining of the home, economic nationalism, the farm problem, etc. While conceding that "hope is the mark of the present moment" the statement urges attention to the fact that there can be no hope for the restoration of human society without restoring Christ, without striving to accord to man the dignity that He, as God, conferred on every human being." The statement is signed by many of the outstanding luminaries of the hierarchy and is an expression of genuine leadership.

President Roosevelt, in being presented with an honorary degree at Catholic University, expressed his appreciation in a few well-chosen words: "I had come here without any thought of saying any word about any subject. But I am so much moved by this wonderful commencement, that I have asked the Chancellor to permit me to express my very deep thanks to the University from the bottom of my heart for the very great honor conferred on me." Having expressed pleasure at meeting once more Cardinal Hayes of New York and the Chancellor and Rector of the University, he added: "And last but not least, to greet my new friend who has just come to Washington, a man I have been glad to welcome and whom I hope to see very much of during the next four years. I refer to the Apostolic Delegate of the Holy Father."

Chancellor Adolf Hitler of Germany has given assurances that he has no intention of interfering with the Catholic Church in her religious functions. In a reply to a letter of inquiry from Cardinal Bertram of Breslau, the Chancellor said, "Concerning the Catholic associations, there is no intention of restricting them in their activities, provided they do not follow political tendencies hostile to the present regime. The Government desires of both German Churches not conflicts, but a sincere co-operation to the profit of the State as well as of the Churches." In addition, Cardinal Bertram pointed out, the Hitler government desires unreserved Catholic Action in fighting godliness, bolshevism, and Marxism, and an active participation of the Church in repressing public immorality and excessive pleasure seeking.

The Catholic Central Verein of America and its sister society, *the National Catholic Women's Union*, will hold their annual conventions simultaneously at Pittsburgh from the 20th to the 23rd of August. The Verein includes members of the hierarchy, clergy and laity who devote their energies to the solving of social problems especially by the application of the fundamental principles of social justice as laid down by Pope Leo XIII, Bishop Kettler, and Pope Pius XI. It has taken the lead in promoting social reform during the 80 years of its existence.

Dr. George F. Zook, head of the University of Akron, has been recently chosen by President Roosevelt as United States Commissioner of Education. Dr. Zook is remembered as a member of the National Advisory Committee on Education in 1931;

who, when the committee wished to recommend a federal bureau of education at Washington, strongly opposed his colleagues and fought for local autonomy in educational matters. The ever-recurrent efforts to centralize education at Washington by the creation of a new bureau will probably receive little encouragement from Dr. Zook.

John McCormack, famed Irish tenor, received the Golden Jubilee Laetare Medal on June 4th at Notre Dame University. The award was made at the commencement exercises for the 564 graduates of the University, and in the presence of 2,000 persons, among whom were former Governor Alfred E. Smith, last year's Laetare medalist and other former recipients of the award. Governor Paul McNutt of Indiana delivered the commencement address, stressing the fact that the task of government at the present time is relief of the needy.

Loring M. Black, Jr., member of the House of Representatives from New York, introduced a resolution to the House previous to the London Economic Conference that obtained the applause as well as the support of many of the members. The resolution requested the Secretary of State to instruct American delegates to the Conference not to enter into any agreements with Spain, Mexico, or Germany, directly or indirectly, until each gave assurances that religious persecutions within their boundaries should be ended. In his speech on the resolution, Representative Black, who is a Catholic, said: "I did this on the theory that this country, which has before all men stood for the thesis that there should be religious freedom, should not in any way use our economic resources to continue in power the present Governments of Germany, Spain and Mexico, and thus enable these Governments to continue their persecutions—in Germany of the Jews, and in Spain and Mexico of the Catholics."

Places

Spain was the special object of an Encyclical Letter issued by Pope Pius XI on June 3rd, in which he deplored and condemned the anti-Church laws and perseverance of Catholics in that country. The Holy Father makes clear in his letter that it is not for any political reasons that he protests, because the Church can conform herself to any political form of government that safeguards the rights of God and of conscience; nevertheless he insists that by the present regime in Spain a blow is being struck not only at religious but at the entire Spanish people. While every shade of religious opinion, even the most erroneous, is allowed utter freedom, the Catholic religion alone, which is the belief of the majority of the people, is being watched and hampered and obstructed. Solemn Concordats with the Holy See have been broken, charity has been destroyed, and sheer justice mocked by the usurpation of religious possessions. Nevertheless the Holy Father has hope for the future, and towards its realization urges the Spanish people, bishops, priests and people, to use all legitimate means to bring godliness into the government.

The Whole World contains 363,704,793 Catholics, according to a new estimate published in the "Holy Rood Chronicle" edited by Msgr. Canon Arthur Jackman, former secretary to Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster. This figure means that about one person out of five is a Catholic, as the population of the world is given as 1,849,500,000.

Lucid Intervals

When the butcher responded to his telephone bell, the shrill voice of a little girl greeted his ears.

"Hello, is this Mr. W——?"

"Yes," he answered kindly.

"Well, do you know anything about where grandpa's liver is? We've looked everywhere, but we can't find it."

*

He was dug out of the wreck of his automobile and carried to the nearest doctor's office.

"I can't do anything for this man," said the doctor, "I'm a veterinary surgeon."

"You're the right man Doc," said the amateur motorist. I was a jackass to think that I could run that machine."

*

The littlest girl in the class was reading laboriously.

"See Mary and the lamb," she read, slowly. "Does Mary love the lamb, buttonhook?"

"Why do you say buttonhook?" asked the teacher.

"Picture of a buttonhook here," replied the child, pointing triumphantly to the interrogation mark.

*

An Irishman, a newly appointed crier in the County court in Australia, where there were a great many Chinese, was ordered by the judge to summon a witness to the stand.

"Call for Ah Song," was the judge's command.

Pat was puzzled for a moment. He glanced slyly at the judge, but found him as grave as an undertaker. Then, turning to the spectators, he cried out in a loud voice:

"Gentlemen, would any of yez be good enough to give his honor a song."

*

Porter: Where's yo trunks, sah?

Salesman: I use no trunks.

Porter: But I thought you wuz one of these traveling salesmen.

Salesman: I am, but I sell brains, understand? I sell brains.

Porter: Excuse me, Boss, but youse the furst travelin fella that's been here who ain't carrying no samples.

An old darky was sent to the hospital and one of the nurses put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature. Presently, when the doctor made his rounds, he said: "Well, Mose, have you had any nourishment?"

"A lady done gimme a piece of glass to suck, boss, but I's still powerful hungry."

*

A Frenchman went to an American and asked him:

"What is a polar bear?"

The American told him.

"What does a polar bear do?"

"Why he sits on the ice."

"Sits on ze ice?"

"Yes," said the American, "there is nothing else for him to sit on."

"Vell, what he do too?"

"What does he also do? Why, he eats fish."

"Eats fish—sits on zee ice and eats fish. Then I do not accept, said the Frenchman."

"Why, what do you mean? You don't accept? I don't understand you."

"Oh, non, non. I do not accept, I was invite to be polar bear at a funeral!"

*

Husband (loaded with luggage, at railway station): "I wish we'd brought the piano, dear?"

Wife: "Don't try to be funny, George!"

"But, you see, I left the tickets on the piano!"

*

"The study of the occult sciences interest me very much," remarked the new boarder. "I love to explore the dark depths of the mysterious, to delve into the regions of the unknown, to fathom the unfathomable, as it were, and to—"

"May I help you to some of the hash, professor?" interrupted the landlady.

And the good woman never knew why the other boarders smiled audibly.

*

First Negro: Boy, you is so thin you could close one eye and pass for a needle.

Second Ditto: Don't talk, fella; you is so thin yo' ma could give you grape juice and use you for a the'mometer.

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